And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore,
VVhat is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquitie forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. VVhere is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here betweene the chaſt vnſmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?

Let